

# THE SONS OF KINGS.

## The American Boy Has the Best of the Bargain.

H. I. Cleveland in Boys' World.

The boy of the United States, who knows little of kings and queens save by reading, can have little idea of what a commotion is created throughout all Europe when a tiny baby boy is born who is heir to a throne.

While the American boy, whether he be the son of the President or the heir of a simple farmer, comes into the world welcomed only by the family and immediate friends, the boy of foreign birth who is in line to succeed his father on the throne, makes a tremendous stir and often a great deal of trouble.

Yet, after all is said, he is only a boy who cannot realize through all his babyhood what a troublesome thing it is to be born to the right of a scepter and crown, and to come some day where his will, his conscience and his good or bad deeds must affect the lives of millions of people.

On the whole, the American boy has the best of the bargain, for he does not have to be a ruler unless he deliberately seeks the Presidency; he can, if he is wholesome, active and brainy, take just the position in life he wishes and keep it.

The royal baby cannot. His life to a large extent is mapped out for him long before he is born; and, until he actually becomes king, emperor or czar, there is not much that he can do of his own free will. As a baby, a child, a boy, a young man, the course he is to follow is marked out for him by law, custom and politics.

In this country the son or sons of the President trot around just like ordinary boys, do just about as ordinarily healthy boys do, and have not the slightest chance to become President, unless by merit, hard work and their own brains, they eventually seek the office and win it by popular vote. The royal baby boy has a hard row to hoe.

The Czar of Russia has a number of daughters, but, until a few months ago, no son came to him. By Russian law, no son appearing, if the Czar died, the throne passed to his brother. But when the baby Alexis appeared, the brother immediately lost his standing as heir, and the pink-and-white thing lying in a crib received all the honors.

What do these honors mean in a country as large as Russia or Great Britain or Germany? In the case of the baby Alexis it is estimated that, when his birth was announced, the following expensive and elaborate things happened.

Ten thousand or more cannon shots were fired throughout the Empire.

One million or more soldiers saluted.

Twelve thousand telegrams were sent and received.

Three thousand churches were illuminated.

Seven thousand church bells were rung.

The operations of over 200,000 men, making the Russian army fighting Japan, were suspended at least one hour to receive the news.

Preparations were made for celebrations, the christening ceremonies and congratulatory fetes that will cost the government of Russia and the public more than \$1,000,000.

All this over an eight-pound boy that as yet knows only his father and mother, and hasn't the slightest idea as to what enormous responsibility and trouble face him if he shall live to come of age and succeed his father.

This expense recalls a remark Abraham Lincoln is said to have once made to his Secretary of War:

"It cost about ten dollars to get me into the world, and about a thousand dollars more to bring me up to twenty years of age."

Yet he became the ruler of 50,000,000 people and unified the government he represented as it had never been before. The night he was assassinated the total value of all the clothes upon him is said to have not exceeded fifty dollars. Yet the presents which the city of St. Petersburg has already made to the infant Alexis represent more than a hundred thousand dollars in money.

Baby boys of royal blood are treated by Europeans a little differently than is the self-respecting, self-making American boy who goes up to his honors by hard work and merit.

Now, when a girl is born to the Czar of Russia, the guns of the royal castle fire thirty-one times; but, if a son is born, they boom 101 times, as they did on August 12 of last year. The child was immediately named Alexis in honor of its mother, the Czarina Alix. If he ever becomes Czar he will be Alexis II; the first Alexis having been crowned in 1645. The baby, who could hardly yet blink his eyes, was also immediately made colonel of a regiment, and by this time he has a string of titles attached

to his name as long as a country lane.

In this country there are a great many mothers we are all interested in.

In Europe the two most conspicuous mothers are the Czarina and the Empress of Germany; each has many children, each is a woman of noble character. The Empress of Germany will not let her boys and one daughter forget that even though they are in a royal family, they must work and learn how to do things.

The daughter sews, knows bread-making, can knit, is a musician, and keeps regularly at her books. The boys have their books, ride horseback, swim and play tennis. I must not forget to tell you one thing just here about these children that is interesting—the youngest child of a royal family usually has the easiest time. Why?

Well, there is little probability that he will ever be Emperor of Czar. The oldest brother is always the successor to the throne; if he dies, the next eldest, if the former does not leave children, and so on. Now, Prince Joachim, of Germany, is the youngest son of the Emperor, and has so many relatives ahead of him, that all he needs to think of is his work and his play. He will never be burdened with the crown. He is a bright boy, of fine character, and is said to be much like his mother.

In Spain only a short time ago a royal boy, Alfonso, came to the throne to succeed his mother who had been Queen Regent until he should come of age. This boy had these responsibilities to face:

A nation burdened with debt; the working and farming classes of his country weak from taxes; the navy destroyed by the United States; his army broken down; all the islands of the sea his country once owned taken by other governments.

That is a heavy burden to put on any boy, royal or of the republic, and all the world is watching to see how he performs his duties. When he was proclaimed king at the age of eighteen years, the mere announcement and the ceremonies connected with it cost his government all of two million dollars.

Another boy of Europe who is royal in blood and grown into manhood is Prince George, of Greece. He may some day rule that country which Homer, Demosthenes, Pericles and others made famous. He has grown up in that country which Lord Byron helped to free from the Turks, and he is an amiable young man who promises to be a helpful ruler when the day comes that he shall take the throne.

It must not be forgotten by the children interested in royal babies that, under the laws of some countries, a baby girl may become the ruler or queen. It is not so in all the countries, but in Holland, the sweet and simple Wilhelmina, after a happy girlhood, did become queen, and now rules that industrious land.

I have told of some of the things that happened when the young heir to the throne of Russia was born. Other strange happenings take place in other countries when royal babies come into the world. I think there is one province in Germany where, when they learn that the Emperor is the father of a son, the ten oldest women in the province must march barefooted and bareheaded to church and offer thanks to God at the altar.

France is a republic, like the United States, not so much fuss is made over babies there; but when it was a kingdom and had royal rulers, the birth of an heir to the throne meant that every sailor in the royal navy received a present of half a pound of tea. In Italy the sailors on the royal ships, when an heir comes, get, no matter where they may be, half a day's leave on shore.

In England there is an almost obsolete custom that, upon the king's having a son, he may, for a whole day, cease his royal duties, not be king, and just have a good time as a private citizen.

Royal babies are not born poor. The royal baby of Europe which, at the present time, has the least income per year, gets at that \$25,000 every twelve months, and some of them have incomes as high as \$100,000 and \$150,000 a year. They cannot spend it all; they need, in fact, but little of it; still, the money is accumulated for them, and, when they come of age or go to the throne, then it is given to them.

With all the wealth and pomp which surround many of these babies they have in some instances wretched times. A royal baby, after it reaches the age where it can think, must think as others tell it to. That is, it must not be too original in its thoughts. An American baby would

hardly like that. It cannot play with whomsoever it pleases; it cannot go wherever it chooses to; it cannot be just what it may wish to be.

There is always kept before the royal baby this warning:

"You may some day be king; you must think only of that and prepare for it."

The youngster may have all kinds of desires to go nutting, fishing, and to play as common children do, but watchful tutors and attendants constantly keep it reminded that royal children must not do these things because of their station in life.

But if the children are deprived of many pleasures common to boys who never will be kings, their lives, after they are eight or ten years of age, are busy ones. There are few royal families of Europe now that permit their children to come up in idleness. As soon as they are old enough to study, they receive a training in books and book knowledge that is severe. As the tutor of the present Emperor of Germany once said to him:

"If you are to be Emperor you must know more than your people do and be able to rule them."

So the children study the languages and the science of government. They strive to fit themselves for the hard work of life which is before them. It is said that the young Crown Prince of Germany has gone so far in his studies that at the present time he can tell offhand:

The strength of the different navies of the world; of the different armies; the crops of each world country; what his own country produces the most of and lacks the most; the population and area of all the principal nations; give outlines of the character of the government of each; and, with all this, speak several languages, shoot, swim and ride well, and act as a kind of private secretary for his father, the Emperor.

Now for the average American boy to have all this knowledge and make good use of it before he is twenty-one years of age, would seem like a great undertaking.

The American boy should remember, though, that all this knowledge worked into the brains of royal children does not make them good nor wholesome children, and later, strong men, if they have not character. The common boy is the equal of the royal boy, in this if not in other things; that neither can lie, form bad habits, be selfish, be idle, without paying the same penalty. The royal boy that lives a useless life comes to the same unhappy end as does the boy of everyday life who cannot see that honesty and work make for the best. The unhappy end of King Alexander of Servia shows to what fate a boy may come, who will not learn to control himself so that, in the years to come, he may be able to kindly, wisely and with a helping hand, govern others.

To most boys few opportunities to govern others come, but it is a long gain on life and its real purpose to be able to rule yourself.

### Not What He Meant.

A farmer recently paid a visit to a neighbor, says the Chicago Journal, and as he passed along by the side of the fields he made a mental note of the fact that no scarecrows were visible. Meeting his neighbor almost immediately, he opened conversation, as follows:

"Good morning, Mr. Oates. I see you have no scarecrows in your fields. How do you manage to do without them?"

"Oh, well enough," was the innocent reply. "You see, I don't need 'em, for I'm in the fields all day myself."

### His Deduction.

Colgate Hoyt tells a good story of a South Carolina dandy's first experience with the wiles of modern finance. Sam was the colored gentleman's name, and his errand to the bank of the town near which he lived was to borrow \$10 to move his crop. The teller has referred him to the cashier and the cashier to the president himself, and that official had smilingly agreed that the agricultural good of the land needed such help, and that Sam should certainly have his money. A note was drawn forthwith, but when the discount clerk got through with it the farmer received just \$7.50.

As he walked up the street trying to figure things out, a white neighbor met him. "Hello, Sam," said he; "what's wrong?"

"Nuffin' tall, sir," said Sam.

"Oh, come, now; there surely is. You look as if you'd lost a friend. What is it?"

"Well, boss, hit's dis. I jest bin down to de bank for a bit o' money to move de crop, an' Mister Hall he done say he'd loan me \$10 for a month. Den he charge me \$2.50 for hit, an' I jes' reach de 'lusion dat if I'd asked fer dat \$10 for 'fo' months I would ha' got nuffin'."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### ASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

### Killed By Lightning.

Georgetown, April 30.—Mrs J. Harleston Read was struck by lightning and instantly killed during a severe thunderstorm Saturday afternoon at Maryville, near Georgetown. Miss Elizabeth Read was severely shocked, but will recover. Col. J. Harleston Read and Miss Mary Adams of Columbia, who were in the same room, escaped without injury.

Col. Read, Mrs. Read and Miss Read were sitting on a sofa near the wall and Miss Adams in a chair near the center of the room, when the fatal flash descended into the house. Mr. W. M. Gaillard of Georgetown was quickly summoned and administered to Miss Read.

The death of Mrs. Read is a terrible blow to her family and this community. No sadder occurrence has ever happened here. She was universally loved, a Christian woman of the most beautiful type of character, a leader in all deeds of charity and good works.

The deepest sympathy of all goes out to the sorely afflicted and bereaved family.—Special to State.

### Straightening Things.

Patrick Maginis went to confession, and among many other sins, confessed to the good father that he had stolen Mrs. Mulcahy's pig, the loss of which had been a great blow to the poor woman. The priest looked at Pat very severely and said:

"Stole Mrs. Mulcahy's pig, did ye? 'That's very bad, Patrick—very bad. Don't you know, Pat, that to steal a pig is a heinous sin, and to steal Mrs. Mulcahy's pig is worse? What will ye say in the day of judgment when Mrs. Mulcahy confronts ye before the Lord an' charges ye with stealin' her pig—what'll ye say?"

Pat looked rather glum at this onslaught, but at this point he picked up and said:

"Sure, yer riverence, Mrs. Mulcahy won't be there."

"Indade; an' why not, Pat Maginis? Mrs. Mulcahy will be there and the pig'll be there, an' when yer asked why ye stole the widdy's pig, what'll ye say, I'm wantin' to know?"

"Will Mrs. Mulcahy be there?" asked Pat, a great idea illuminating his face.

"She will," said the good father severely.

"And will the pig be there?"

"Certainly."

"Then begorra," said Pat, I'll say 'Mrs. Mulcahy, there's your pig.'"

### A Question Decided.

"Which," said the man who used to belong to a debating society, "exercises the greater influence, love of reward or fear of punishment?"

"Love of reward," answered the member of the grand jury. "Nearly every investigation of graft shows that the fear of punishment is scarcely in evidence a . . ."—Washington Star.

—Nine times out of ten when a man buys a horse he is sold.

—A much-admired girl does not always make an admirable wife.

—An old bachelor says that a fool and his money are soon wedded.

—A woman's pronunciation of depot depends on her station in life.

—There are as many ways to win a woman's heart as there are women.

—But the more a man boasts of his honesty the more he doesn't prove it.

—A woman always tries to figure out from the way the envelope is addressed whether the letter contains good news or bad news.

—One of the relaxations of home, after you have worked down town all day is to try to solve the servant problem with your family.

—"It's dangerous not to notice a new dress your wife has, because she thinks you are not interested, and it's dangerous to notice because it may be a new one you forgot to notice before."

—Some people are so lucky they can't even get engaged without having it broken.

—Even the man who knows how hard it is to pick the winner in a horse race acts as if it was too easy to pick a wife.

—"It is awful nice the way women can run in ribbons where nobody is expected to see them in such a way that you can't help seeing them."

—"There is an awful lot of fun in fooling yourself into believing you are having it when you aren't."

## SYMPTOMS THAT INVITE GERMS.

Little Ailments that Should be Looked After if One Wants to Keep Well.

Anyone who has any of the many symptoms caused by poor digestion should take special care to avoid conditions where disease germs are likely to be present. Any of the following symptoms are good evidence of stomach troubles.

Acid Stomach  
Spitting up of food  
Sour taste in mouth  
Bloating  
Flatulence  
Loss of flesh  
Headache  
Nausea  
Grated tongue  
Sour taste in the mouth  
Dyspepsia  
Nervousness  
Rapid heartbeat  
Vertigo or dizziness  
Drowsiness

### A WHITE HOUSE SCENE.

The Army That Mrs. Harrison Showed to Mrs. Butterworth.

When Mrs. Caroline Harrison was the first lady of the land she gave the renovation of the White House her personal supervision, and some of her methods were unique. Mrs. Ben Butterworth told a story of one of her ideas, the working of which she witnessed once upon making an early morning call. Finding Mr. McKee in the red parlor alone she inquired for her mother.

"Where is mamma?" Why, in the basement. You will generally find her in the basement, too, until she is perfectly sure there are no more worlds to conquer."

"Well, I will look for her," said the visitor, and descending to the lower corridor she soon located her in the kitchen.

"Come in," said Mrs. Harrison—"that is, if you can cross that chasm of dirt and creeping things of all kinds," pointing to the floor, where lay, in evidence of her prowess, myriads of defunct water bugs, etc., that had been slaughtered under her direction.

"And now come up into the dining room," she said after she had explained certain of her contemplated improvements. "I want to show you something else."

Going upstairs they entered the family dining room, and the visitor, standing in front of the mantel, said: "What is it? I do not see anything new."

"Turn around," said the president's wife, and doing so Mrs. Butterworth at last noticed two good sized sponges hanging over the mantel-piece.

"Well, I see some sponges. What are they for?" But just then she observed two thick, brown streaks about an inch wide reaching from the mantel to the sponges, and they seemed to be in motion. "Why, what is that?" she asked.

"That is two solid armies of red ants," said Mrs. Harrison. "Those sponges have been saturated with sweetened water, and the ants are traveling up to them for a feast, and as soon as they have pretty well covered the sponges they will be plunged into hot water, ants and all, then washed and sweetened again. They have been changed four times already this morning, and as yet there seems no perceptible diminution of their number. But time and patience work wonders sometimes, and are a sure remedy if kept up long enough."—Housekeeper.

### He Knew His Sister.

Little Dick—Is this the house you and Sis is to live in when you is married?

Mr. Nicefello—Yes, my boy. What do you think of it?

"Tain't half big enough."

"Your sister, myself and a servant will constitute the family, as a rule. I am sure there is plenty of room for us and spare rooms for the relatives."

"Yes, plenty for the family, but the family don't count. What you want is strangers, all the time too."

"Ha, ha! Why should I wish to entertain strangers, my boy? I am not going to keep a hotel."

"Cause Sis will always be real kind and polite to you when strangers is about."

### Oysters In the Time of Sallust.

The highly digestible quality of the oyster considered as food was known at a very early period. When Sergius Orata "ennobled the Lucrine oysters" the British variety was unknown to the Romans, but Sallust, at least fifty years before Christ, says of the Britons that there is some good in them after all, as they produce an oyster. Sergius had his beds off Baise and made a profit out of them, as they were much in request as a prelude to a banquet and were esteemed besides for their medicinal virtues. "They nourish wonderfully," we are told, "and solicit rest," being more healing than any drug or mixture that the apothecaries can compound.—London Saturday Review.

### Guilty Anyhow.

Sergeant Sharp was as regimental as it is possible for a man to be. "Shun!" he cried to his squad. "Quick march! Left wheel! Halt! Take Murphy's name for talking in the ranks."

"But he wasn't talking," protested a corporal who was standing near.

"Wasn't he?" roared Sergeant Sharp. "Don't matter then. Cross it out, and then put him in the guardroom for deceiving me."—London Telegraph.

—A woman looks on facts like rubbers, bicycles and other things that ought to be kept on the back stoop.

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